SOME NEW BOOKS.

Mary Stuart.

If there be a topic which has been done to death in literature, surely one would say that that topic is the life and death of Mary Queen of Scots. Historians have wrangled over her character and career. Poets and romancers have bewailed her fate, the latest of them Swinburne, in tragedy and fervent prose and lyrical verse:

> Yet none for you of all that bled
> Grudged once one drop that fell;
> Not one to life reluctant said
> Farewell.

And Mary Stuart has been almost alone in history, quite alone in English history, in exercising upon posterity the fascination which it is given to beautiful women to exercise upon their contemporaries. Who that has read Froude has not resented the bald brutality of his story of the execution? There is not a stage in Europe on which her life or her death has not been recognized to afford the ingredients of "pity and terror," which are the material of tragedy.

So one takes up HENRY C. SHELLEY'S *The Tragedy of Mary Stuart* (Little, Brown & Co.) with a preliminary aversion to believing that it can be other than a piece of bookmaking, that it can contain anything novel enough to be worth reading on so very trite a theme. But the prejudice cannot survive even the beginning of a perusal. No matter how much one may have read upon the subject, he finds here a presentation so fresh and vivid as to be virtually new. The author attains this result largely by confining his delineation to the period of the great tragedy. Out of her life of 44 years and 7 months, he points out at the beginning, the things she did and suffered which make hers a great tragic figure were all comprised within a space of fifteen months. The murder of Darnley, the bridal with Bothwell, the imprisonment at Lochleven, the final disaster at Langside, all came within this period of time. "The rest is silence," comparatively speaking. The twenty-five years that went before are crowded into a prologue: the eighteen that were to come after are compressed into an epilogue. This judicious disposition promotes the vividness of impression which the more detailed narrative of those crowded months creates by the skill with which it is planned and proportioned and the vigor and liveliness with which it is written. No matter how much one may have read on the subject he will still find Mr. Shelley's contribution to it worth reading. Evidently to have accomplished this is a considerable literary feat.

The very unfavorable environment of the French court in which Mary was brought up is indicated by a quotation from Swinburne that is a sufficiently emphatic statement: "The cloistral precinct which sheltered her girlhood from such knowledge of evil as might in after days have been some protection to her guileless levity was the circuit of a court whose pursuits and recreations were divided between the alcoves of Sodom and the playground of Aceldama." Brantome has furnished the material for the picture of that society which Dumas has elaborated in many volumes. How could Mary Stuart have been better than she was? She rather shines, indeed, by comparison with some of her playmates and companions of the court over which Catherine de Medici presided. No atmosphere could have been better adapted to cultivate the wilfulness which Catholic orthodoxy did nothing to restrain by any shackles of morality or decency. To transport the creature of the French court to the country in which the rigors and the austerity of Calvinism were already more marked than anywhere else in Europe was to risk such aberrations and explosions as occurred. Charles the Second found the Scotch Calvinists of his time as "tremendous companions" as Garrick's brother found Sam Johnson. But not one of Charles's mentors can have equalled the terrors of John Knox, to whom his great-grandmother was exposed. That the old castigator had just at 55 married a girl of 16, to the huge disgust of the Queen, did not in the least relax his rigor. He remained the only male upon whom Mary's wiles were thrown away, and her charms could not choke the "Blasts of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women." Out of the general atmosphere of Protestant Scotland it was a necessity of self-preservation for the young Queen of Scots to escape. Darnley, it might be said for him, was at least frivolous. Mere frivolity was a welcome change. But Darnley was a great mistake. Nobody has a good word for him. His general failure in all relations of life was culminated by his special failure in the conjugal relation. No redeeming feature of him appears or is suggested.

One cannot help sympathizing, in spite of morals, with the Queen's desperate turning to Rizzio in that bleak desert to which she was condemned. He was a person tinctured with the humanities, who could appreciate music and Italian literature. Any cultivated person whosoever would prefer him to old John Knox as a companion for a sojourn on a desert island, such as Scotland socially was for its exiled Queen. And Mary was a cultivated person. Her sonnets to Bothwell were poor, even as Scottish standards in those days went. But they showed a liking for the arts which Darnley, who was as dense on that side as on any other, would have done well to respect. He signed his own death warrant when he instigated the murder of the Italian. Mary's exclamation on that occasion: "No more tears! I will think now of revenge," was intensely characteristic. Her vindictiveness was one expression of the wilfulness that undid her. There is another expression of it here equally emphatic. It was to Lord Lindsay after, as one of the confederated lords who had constituted themselves her custodians, he had refused her appeal to communicate with her friends. She asked for his hand, and as she took it said: "By the hand which is now in yours I'll have your head for this."

That masterful ruffian Bothwell was the only man she ever met who seems to have subjugated her, and that by mere animal magnetism. That she would have had Darnley murdered if there had been no Bothwell in the case is likely enough. That murder was an object in itself, without reference to the connubial or official succession. But the hardihood with which she withstood the demands of decency, urged on her from all over Europe, not to complete the crime by marrying the murderer would probably have failed her but for his instigation, in spite of her infatuation. The infatuation was complete. She was true to him, as well after as before the bloody honeymoon of just a month. As before she passionately avowed that she would follow him in a white petticoat to the world's end so afterward she refused to accept any composition that did not include him: "I will live and die with him, and if it is put to my choice to relinquish crown and kingdom or my Lord Bothwell I will leave my crown and dignity to live as a simple damsel with him. I will never consent that he shall fare worse or have more harm than myself."

She was true to Bothwell and in her crooked way true to the Roman Catholic Church. Although she was warned from every Catholic court in Europe, including the Vatican, that her marrying her husband's murderer would inflict irreparable harm on the cause of Catholicism she insisted on her wilful way, and the result was that in fact she completely extinguished the cause of the Church in Scotland. Yet her dying declarations seem to have been quite sincere, and her skill in disputation was such as to excite the disgusted admiration of old Knox for her "crafty wit." Another quatrain of Swinburne's is really characterizing, and may serve as her epitaph:

> No maid that strays with steps unwary
> Through snares unseen,
> But one to live and die for; Mary
> The Queen.

Mr. Shelley makes it clear that her plotting against Elizabeth earned the doom that befell her, and also that Elizabeth was actuated by no personal vindictiveness. Mary would probably have been put to death in Scotland but for the interposition of Elizabeth, who threatened the vengeance of England, though it is doubtless also true that the interposition was due not to sympathy with a sister woman but to a royal opposition to regicide. Mr. Shelley finds that Elizabeth's "moral conduct, according to all known evidence and presumption, was much more reprehensible than that of Mary." More curious is his conclusion that the bewitching quality of Mary over men, which none but Knox could ever resist when it was fairly brought to bear upon him, was not the result of a beauty according to any recognized and regular standard, and that the portraits which give the impression that it may have been are without exception unauthentic and done by painters who never saw the original. Certainly of the "accursed race" of which she was the progenitress her grandson Charles I. was the only one who inherited any pronounced personal attractions. What can be collected from the portraits painted from life is, it seems, "a broad, high forehead; high cheek bones; hazel eyes with thick lids; a long, straight nose, somewhat incurved, and closely compressed lips. A furtive glance and occasionally the suggestion of a slight squint."

A Dancer's Tale.

The period of her life which LOIE FULLER has selected for description in the book *Fifteen Years of a Dancer's Life* (Small, Maynard and Company) includes her most notable achievements in the field she decided to conquer. For it was as an actress that the career of this woman, who won so much higher honors in Europe than she ever did here, began. She had played in the companies of Nat Goodwin, notably in the English burlesque "Jack Sheppard," in which she was a dashing interpreter of the hero, and later went to London, where she attracted so little attention in the theatre that she welcomed the opportunity to come back to New York. With Louis de Lange, who died mysteriously in a Forty-second street hotel a few years ago, she appeared in a farce predestined to failure even by its stupid title, "Quack, M. D." All that survives of that dramatic effort is the historical interest of its having been the first medium of displaying the germ of the serpentine dancing which Miss Fuller ultimately developed.

After a dinner in London at which the actress met two officers lately returned from service in India, one of them sent her a silk skirt of the kind worn by native women of that country. In planning the costume for a scene of hypnotization in "Quack, M. D.," the actress thought of the draperies. Critics praised the scene, and especially her effective way of moving the draperies in the half light of the stage when the actor was pretending to hypnotize her. But the play's life soon ended and the actress had time to think of the effects which might be created by further use of the same draperies. Spectators of her dancing in its earliest days will recall the simplicity of her means. The accordion pleated skirts, voluminous and supplied with sticks by which they could be more readily manipulated, waved through the air under the varying calciums. All that Miss Fuller ever accomplished as a dancer was an amplification of this formula. There are many to whom her art seemed altogether mechanical and the description of her performances as dancing seemed to stretch that word to the utmost meaning it was able to carry. She was of course altogether without the training of a dancer and began her work in this art at a time when she could not have acquired the agility necessary even for moderate exhibitions of the kind associated with the fame of dancers. But she developed an idea and with that conquered the world. So great is the force of any novel idea in the world of amusement that it made people call the ingenious American a dancer, although she was never capable of more than a few steps.

It is interesting to read the process by which she at last came to realize that she could afford to abandon her profession and start out to reveal her discovery to the world. She writes:

> The mirror was placed just opposite the windows. The long yellow curtains were drawn, and through them the sun shed into the room an amber light which enveloped me completely and illumined my gown, giving a translucent effect. Golden reflections played in the folds of the sparkling silk, and in this light my body was vaguely revealed in shadowy contour. This was a moment of intense emotion. Unconsciously I realized that I was in the presence of a great discovery, one which was destined to open the path which I have since followed.
>
> Gently, almost religiously, I set the silk in motion, and I saw that I had obtained undulations of a character heretofore unknown. I had created a new dance. Why had I never thought of it before?
>
> Two of my friends, Mrs. [illegible] and her daughter, Mrs. Hossack, [illegible] from time to time to see how I was getting on with my discoveries. When I found an action or a pose which looked as if it might amount to something they would say: "Hold that. Try it again." Finally I reached a point where each movement of the body was expressed in folds of silk, in a play of colors in the draperies that could be mathematically and systematically calculated.
>
> The length and size of my silk skirt would constrain me to repeat the same motion several times as a means of giving this motion its special and distinctive aim. I obtained a spiral effect by holding my arms aloft while I kept whirling to right and then to left, and I continued this movement until the spiral design was established. Head, hands and feet followed the evolutions of the body and the robe. It is very difficult, however, to describe this part of my dance. You have to see it and feel it. It is too complicated for realization in words.

It was with difficulty that the dancer once an actress could find a manager sufficiently courageous to allow her to show this experiment to the world. But she was eventually engaged to dance in "Uncle Celestin" at the Casino, where the success of her experiment was so complete as to justify her own confidence. The managers were unwilling to allow her to enjoy her share of the success of the novelty and it was not long before she was down at the little theatre in Twenty-fourth street imparting fresh popularity to "A Trip to Chinatown," which was nearing the end of its long run at the Madison Square Theatre. There was of course a substitute ready to wave the draperies and pose under the lights in the opera she had deserted, but the public has always associated this dance in its rarely loyal mind with Miss Fuller. So there was no prosperity for her successor or the play in which she appeared.

It is a singular fact that Loie Fuller has seemed to the public the only person to see in dances of her kind. It is easy to say and rather difficult to deny that all her effects are mechanical. It was a combination of electricity and draperies, of pose and color, that made her dances so pretty to contemplate. Of the art of the dance there was never a shadow. But it was never possible for any intruder in her preempted territory to win the same honors. It is not always that a pioneer enjoys such exclusive possession of his own discoveries. Of course the dancer had imitators here and in Europe. Ida Fuller, commonly supposed to be a relative of Loie's by marriage, was the most industrious imitator that the dancer ever had in this country.

Loie Fuller was born near Chicago, seems to have been in France long before she could speak the language at all, and found her way difficult when she first reached Europe. Her manager left her in Germany with little money after having placed her before the public in a way that was likely to do little for her fame. In Paris she had the courage to approach Pedro Gailhard and propose to dance in the Opera, which she thought as the national academy of dancing should be glad to welcome her lights and draperies. She really began at the Folies Bergere, although there had been an imitator there before her. But her success in Paris was great. It reached its height at the time of the exposition, of which she attempted to be a part by building her own theatre. There was not the interest she had expected in her performances and she lost a fortune. Later efforts at impresarioship with Japanese actors and other dancers did no more than rehabilitate her fortunes temporarily.

Miss Fuller's biography tells in English which sounds very much as if it were a translation from the French of her acquaintance with the noted men of Paris. They seem partial to our dancers. Miss Fuller met Alexandre Dumas, fils, who gave her a yellow rose and got a kiss for his kindness, while Count Primoli stood by and photographed them. She came to know the Flammarion family, Rodin and the other celebrities who are so soon added to the visiting list of talented young Americans. Sarah Bernhardt was kind to her at first, but afterward patronized her art as something on which her electricians were altogether informed. But when was it that "Sarah Bernhardt was in a box with her little daughter" at the Folies Bergere to see Miss Fuller's dances? And did not the American know Helena Modjeska was an actress before she ever came to the United States? "To her great astonishment," Miss Fuller writes, "and everybody else's it was soon discovered that the sacred fire burned in her. She became a great actress." She had been the most famous actress in Poland for twenty years before she ever came to the United States.

It is a weakness of the famous to write of their social and literary triumphs rather than of their own methods, although none of them seems to realize that nothing is so interesting to the reader as their "shop." Miss Fuller writes as frankly, however, of her misfortunes and failures as of her meetings with potentates, of whom the majority were, in the words of W. S. Gilbert, "interesting and Eastern." And she contributes an entertaining account of her efforts to introduce to European audiences a compatriot who returned her kindness with the observation that she had not "the least desire to go back to Loie," and when the dancer herself telegraphed to discover if she might expect her protegee again, sent back the answer: "Only in case you will deposit to my credit ten thousand francs in a Viennese bank before 9 o'clock to-morrow morning." Was it really an American dancer in Europe who repaid Miss Fuller's kindness in this way? Which one of that large army could it have been?

The Chevalier D'Eon.

The title *D'Eon de Beaumont, His Life and Times*, by OCTAVE HOMBERG and FERNAND JOUSSELIN (Richard G. Badger) attracts the reader who is not likely to know more of the subject than that he or she was rather conspicuous in London during a good part of the eighteenth century and excited popular curiosity into speculations, sometimes pecuniary, upon his or her sex. When it further appears from the title page that the volume is "chiefly compiled from unpublished papers and letters," one's curiosity is heightened. The announcement seems to be completely made out. There is much curious information about the man and his times with which few readers can have fallen in before. Unfortunately it is by no means a scholarly production. The compilers are largely ignorant of the complications of European politics, and especially of English politics, during the period covered by D'Eon's residence in London. Without a much better knowledge of these things than they possess they can have no real clue to the intrigues in which his life was passed. The translation also leaves much to be desired.

The "mystery" about D'Eon's sex was long since dispelled. It was masculine. Curiously enough, Casanova, who seems to have encountered his fellow adventurer, takes the ground that D'Eon was a woman, that the fact was known to Louis XV. and that "the quarrel between the sham chevalier and the Foreign Office was a farce which the King allowed to be played out for his own amusement." As a matter of fact the official decision of the French court when D'Eon was allowed to return to France to live that he was a woman and the "Chevaliere" was a huge joke in Paris, his official sex being the opposite to his actual sex. His endeavor to prevent the sale of what were called "insurances," and which were in fact public bets on his sex, to which he objected as derogatory to his masculine dignity or to her feminine modesty, as the case may have been, took the form, according to the muddled statement of the case in these pages, of a suit "before Lord Mansfield" for the annulment of the contracts. It is quite incredibly set down here that he was non-suited because the court held that it was precluded from inquiring into the facts, since the King of France had declared the plaintiff a woman and the official French declaration of his or her status was binding upon the British tribunal. At any rate the "Chevaliere" turned up in Paris in 1777 as "a man of 50 with an awkward gait and a harsh voice; his firm chin displayed the stubby growth of an ill shaven black beard." He had solemnly agreed to confine himself to female attire, but he nevertheless appeared in the "gray uniform with red cuffs and facings which he never condescended to lay aside during his residence in London, and which made him a figure alike familiar to ministers of state and to the man in the street."

Charles Genevieve Louis Auguste Andre Timothee, son of the noble Louis d'Eon de Beaumont, as he is named in his baptismal certificate, was born in 1728, the scion of a family of the petite noblesse of Burgundy, and died in extreme poverty in 1810, ten years after imploring Talleyrand, on the strength of his past services to another France, not to let him die of starvation. The papers, of which a not wholly satisfactory use is made in the present volume, came into the hands of one of his creditors, and after nearly a century were discovered by one of the compilers in an English bookseller's shop. Certainly nothing could be less feminine than the career to which they bear testimony. He was known in his youth as "the little D'Eon," and his small and slight figure, his very slight beard and his rather girlish voice made it easy for him to masquerade as a woman. Sir Mackenzie Douglas, an English Jacobite who was hanging about the French court in quest of employment, succeeded in obtaining a secret mission to Russia, where his business was to counteract the machinations of the British Ambassador, but particularly to find out what they were. He was at last accredited in form as Minister, and took the little D'Eon with him as secretary of embassy. The little man was not above masquerading as a girl under the pseudonym of Mlle. Lia de Beaumont, and there is here reproduced an apparently authentic portrait of him in that character. He was a clever and ingratiating little man and a successful secretary of legation, gaining the good will of those with whom he had dealings. It is recorded that on his departure from St. Petersburg the Czarina tipped him to three hundred ducats by way of a compliment. He had really, it appears, distinguished himself by securing the negotiation of a treaty that his chief wanted and the Czarina wanted, but her Foreign Minister distinctly did not want. He was chosen to take the treaty to Paris, and on the way, stopping in Vienna, got what would appear to have been premature news of Frederick the Great's defeat at Prague (May 6, 1757). This was great news for the King of France, and D'Eon rushed it to Paris, killing some horses and breaking his own leg, notwithstanding which his feet were beautiful upon the mountains when he arrived. He won from the delighted Louis XV. not only a gold snuff box but what was more to the purpose, a commission as lieutenant of dragoons. He made the campaign of 1761 on the Upper Rhine with the De Broglies, Marshal and Count, and appears again really to have distinguished himself. Apparently it was in this campaign that he won the cross of St. Louis, by far the most valued of all his possessions, although in his old age he was compelled to pawn it, and one which he strongly stickled for the privilege of wearing with his female attire when he was ordered to assume that.

It was in 1762 that he went to London as secretary to the Duc de Nivernais, the negotiator on the part of France of the peace of 1763, and in London he remained for the following fourteen years. It is his adventures and his quarrels there that constitute the staple of this book. At first he had a titular connection with the French Embassy. This was soon severed, partly because his quarrelsome disposition rendered him quite impossible, and kept him lampooning in an effective and witty way those of his chiefs with whom he differed, and most of all De Guerchy; partly also, it seems, because he was more useful as a secret and confidential agent of the French King without ostensible connection with the French diplomatic representatives. He made on his employer the most monstrous claims and his employer showed such forbearance with him as irresistibly to suggest that D'Eon was levying blackmail on his royal master. He was so persistent and so cantankerous that he carried his point, or most of it. The solemn treaty negotiated by him with Beaumarchais, the French Ambassador and author of the "Mariage de Figaro," sets forth the conditions under which the illustrious exile was to return to France, restricted to female attire, it is true, but otherwise really with drums beating and colors flying. It is one of the most amazing documents ever drawn, quite like an international agreement in its formality of stipulation. But everybody who got into trouble with D'Eon appears to have been glad to be rid of him on almost any terms, and everybody with whom he had dealings got into trouble with him. He was a master of advertising dodges and by means of them he kept himself continually before the public. His assumption of woman's clothing was one of these, although on one occasion, the significance of which is overlooked by the compilers, he seems to have owed his immunity from arrest to his assumption of this disguise. Upon the whole a volume fairly worth reading.

A Celestial Statesman of Ever Green Memory.

Three great names epitomize China to the everyday American citizen, Li Hung Chang, Wu Ting-fang and Yuan Shih-k'ai; and the greatest of these is Li. As soldier, statesman, man of letters, administrator and diplomat he excelled, insomuch that the Hon. John W. Foster, himself too well schooled in the art of exactitude in responsible expression to bear down upon the pencil of praise with extravagance of pressure, calls him (in May of the instant year) "not only the greatest man the Chinese race has produced in modern times but, in combination of qualities, the most unique personality of the past century among all the nations of the world; * * * as a diplomat his achievements entitle him to a front rank in the international relations of all history." A man may be warrior, writer, governor, diplomat, or all of them, and still be of the mere lumber of national and international history, a puppet on the crowded stage; prominent and important, but still a puppet.

There was nothing mechanical about Li Hung Chang. He had as salt savored a personality as ever took human form to crown the works of greatness with glory of sheer humanity. The Chinese statesman left at the various cities in which he was settled at different periods in his career voluminous but somewhat disordered jottings from which, with the permission of the imperial Government and the consent of the trustees and heirs of Li's estate, WILLIAM FRANCIS MANNIX has compiled a useful and enlightening volume of *Memoirs of Li Hung Chang* (Houghton Mifflin). It is a "human document" of rare appeal, though as a historical document its first personal narrative encourages to exercise of the faculty of critical watchfulness.

In his youth Li was a hard and successful student. Born and brought up in a rural community, in Mr. Foster's phrase "of worthy but not distinguished parentage," he marched straight through the successive grades of the Chinese educational system to the highest scholastic honors. He was not a prig, for there is recollection of early escapades, once when he stole the hein kwan's (district magistrate's) goslings from the Splendid Water Lake, and again when, fighting with "the Hop-e boy," he "cast a cobble and nearly killed the little daughter of Wee, the one daughter he would not have die for anything." The magistrate prophesied for him a "ling-chi death," death of a thousand slashes; but the young man had "ink in his stomach," excellent Sinitic circumlocution for literary ability, and, unlike his careless friend Ah Fing, who failed thrice in the Budding Genius examinations, Li made auspicious entry into the civil service, reward of academic attainment. "Some day I hope to be the Chang-yuan [poet laureate] of China," he wrote in 1846, when in his early twenties.

In 1855, when the Viceroy Tseng-kofan, then commanding the forces of the Government against the Taipings, called the "obscure but brilliant" young official of Anhuei province into the military service, Li wrote: "Everybody knows that 'a soldier is despised,' and that according to the Old Rules I am leaving the greatest of the professions for the worst of occupations." But soon he felt that "a new nature" had come to him and wondered if he would ever want to return to peaceful pursuits.

There was much trouble with imported commanders, English and American adventurers, whose incompetence, cloaked under huge pretensions, was quickly revealed. Li derived great comfort and support from the American General Ward; standing beside his deathbed, he wept as he watched the soldier "dying so far from his family and his friends." His first distrust of Gordon was based on a suspicion which "I afterward learned was entirely wrong, a very great injustice to the fine loyalty of General Gordon." Later he wrote: "What a sight for tired eyes and elixir for a heavy heart, to see this splendid Englishman fight!" For many of Gordon's acts the Chinese general had only censure, "but I overlooked them all, thinking only of the great good he had rendered the country." But when Gordon accused him of treacherously causing the murder of the Taiping rebels on his own large he memorialized the Throne for Gordon's "dismissal forever from the service of China," and secured it. According to Li's version, Gordon was insubordinate and himself the instigator of the massacre if not indeed an actual participant in it. Viceroy Li prepared a statement for use in England when he visited that country many years afterward, but as he notes: "Only Gladstone mentioned Gordon to me. I guess most people have forgotten him."

What would be called an Oriental inversion of Occidental thinking, as the practice of paying the doctor to keep people well and cutting off his pay when they are sick, instead of paying fees only for cures, occurs in Li's comment on the Christians from the Western world. "It is a part of their teaching," he writes, "that the Tien-fu [heavenly father] let His Son come on earth and die for wicked people. Such teaching! If they would say that He came and died for the good people it would sound sensible, even if the rest of their doctrines are too absurd for a man with brains to give a serious thought to. If the gods are good and want men to be good will they allow members of their families to be killed like criminals for the sake of criminals?" He resents with the force of dignity the resort of foreign devils in trouble not to the native authorities but to their consul, whence it goes to the Minister and is often reported to the home Government before the Chinese Government hears of it: hence the hue and cry over another "latest Chinese outrage upon Christians." In 1886: "The foreigner is feared not at all because he may be the agent of Jesus Christ or a follower of that great man, but as a possible enemy to the political and industrial independence of the country."

A philosophy like that of the late Mayor of New York projects: "If you are possessed of a definite amount of anything, people are willing to aid you to add to it, while if you are wholly without, it is a remarkable man who will offer you anything." "The man who offers his services to you gratuitously is more apt to be independent and ready to throw up his position than the one who is receiving even small wages. I must arrange, some way, to have Gen. Gordon accept money." Of reformers: "A great many people do not imagine they are doing things at all unless they are going to extremes. They take no bath at all, or they scrub their bodies until no skin is left." In England he disturbs his hosts with a request to be taken through "the poorer sections" of London: "I have come to the conclusion that under a grand show many of the countries with great armies and fleets have much misery hidden from the eyes of the world." Sham and pretence were slight barrier to the keen vision of that open minded investigator.

Writing of his diplomatic mission to Japan, when Prince Ching dismissed him with the remark, "You made the war, now see if you can unmake it without humiliating your country before the dogs of Nippon," he reflects: "For twenty-two years I have been opposed to a belligerent attitude toward our island neighbors." He had advocated the development of China's military resources, hence was blamed for "whatever warlike complications the country gets into"; whereupon with characteristically outspoken vigor he exclaims: "What damnable, hellish, good for nothing nonsense!" But he had spent tremendous sums in supporting the war; now the fickle populace would suspect him of seeking to end the war at the sacrifice of the national honor, to save his own pocket. "What poor fools," he says, "the people at times make of themselves, more especially when they do not have even a fair inkling of what is at stake." So between the upper and nether millstones, the importunity of a harassed court and the clamor of an excited populace, this great negotiator was under pressure far from helpful when he met Count Ito. He bore his trials with the magnanimity, the patience of a Lincoln; and he writes of them with Lincoln's simplicity, frankness, and power of unostentatious self-revelation.

A large part of the matter in the present volume, reminiscent of the visit to Russia, England, France, Germany and the United States, in 1896, was printed in THE SUN a year ago; the rest of it has not, we believe, been available until now. The volume is an excellent and adequate monument to a great man and statesman held in honorable memory that shows no signs of fading or failing.

Senator Lodge's Memories.

The volume of *Early Memories* by HENRY CABOT LODGE (Scribner) comes as something of a surprise. To be sure the senior Senator from Massachusetts has always been known as a "literary feller," and at the outset of his political career was by the practical politicians distrusted accordingly. On the other hand the impractical politicians and censors of morals like the late E. L. Godkin used to denounce him for being too much of a practical politician, falling away from the ideals of his "culture" and doing things that misbecame the scholar in politics. All that is a long time ago. We are all, it may be supposed, pretty well agreed now that the Senator is a useful public servant. But most of us did not think him old enough to set up for a reminiscent. That is a privilege reserved for septuagenarians, or at least for men who have retired from the world's work and become, as Coleridge according to Carlyle, "like a sage retired from the inanity of life's battle." By the calendar Mr. Lodge is pretty well entitled to reminisce, having been born in 1850, and being thus now in the year of his grand climacteric. And then he disarms criticism by his dedication "to my children and grandchildren" and by his motto from Catullus "With what yearning do we renew old loves and bewail long lost friendships." And in the last resort it all depends on the book.

The book is a good book. The evocation of the reminiscent's boyhood has its interest, so completely has the Bostonian scene changed since the early '50s. So have all the reminiscences of his education, both preparatory and collegiate. The educational scene has changed almost as much as the physical. It was just midway of his college course that the old procrustean curriculum of Harvard was transformed under the lead of a preceptor of "great intellectual audacity" into a go as you please which this reminiscent, like a good many others, taking a calm retrospective look at it, finds to have been not sufficiently distinguishable from absolute educational anarchy. That the consensus of competent educators has arrived at that conclusion seems inferable from the fact that Harvard itself is making its way backward, by ways necessarily devious, to the ancient paths. Before and also after Harvard came European trips. The earliest of them, it is worth while to recall, was taken in a 2,000 ton Cunarder at a time when the claim of the Cunarders to the sovereignty of the seas used to be offensively asserted by the very "table stewards," who were accustomed to observe haughtily to the voyager who complained that his napkin had a past: "Beg pardon, sir, but the Cunard line has never lost a passenger." Doubtless this insular haughtiness had much to do with building up the German competition.

An American boy's reminiscences of England and France in '66 and again in '71 are well worth recording in '13. It seems to the reminiscent, and it will seem to his readers, "not without significance that what a boy remembered most vividly as the salient sights of Paris in 1866 should be the troops, Offenbach's operas and a fashionable courtesan," Cora Pearl, to wit. Truly that looks like a fair summary of the Second Empire. On the second visit, after graduation, the traveller's views were colored with resentment of the conduct both of England and France during our civil war. Senator Lodge is far from being willing to forget everything, and the resentment still more or less rankles, though he admits that the tact of Lord Salisbury in 1898 went far to atone for the stupid blundering of British policy under Gladstone and John Russell a generation earlier.

But, both on these trips and throughout the book, the writer's main interest is in the people he met. The staple of the volume, conformably to the motto, is to celebrate old friendships, and takes the form of "anecdotage." There is even a new mot of Rufus Choate, who lived not far from the paternal Lodge in Boston, and who occasionally, to hurry to his office, made use of a humble alleyway through his neighbor's property by way of a short cut, airily explaining to an acquaintance who was surprised to encounter him there: "Ignominious but convenient." There are more anecdotes than one can find collected elsewhere about another lawyer famous for quickness of retort. That is William M. Evarts, who really deserves a volume to himself, if Joseph H. Choate, for example, or Charles H. Tweed, could find time and inclination to write it. Our reminiscent found him, as many other persons have found him, "the most brilliant after dinner talker I ever heard." Of the new Evartsiana perhaps the best is his cutting in in court upon George Ticknor Curtis, who was denouncing the absurdity of the attempt to float the Great Eastern with six men. "Six men! Six men would be worth no more than six babies." Whereupon Evarts, "Well, six babies are something in a squall." Senator Lodge does not give the exordium of Mr. Evarts's speech at the dinner given by the New York doctors on the occasion of Oliver Wendell Holmes's seventieth birthday, saying how gratified he was by an invitation from so many of the medical profession. "I would rather have two hundred doctors ask me to meet them than to have to ask one doctor to meet me."

Nay, there is a new story about Washington which none of the Washingtonian realists has told, unless haply it is told in Mr. Lodge's own book, of which a reviewer may be "charged with knowledge," but does not necessarily possess it. "Damned poltroon" are intimated by Trevelyan to have been the ipsissima verba of the rebuke to Lee at Monmouth. But this still higher flavored story of Brandywine was written to Mr. Lodge by W. W. Story, the sculptor, who heard it in Washington in 1844, when there were still men there who knew at first hand about the events of the Revolution and who were not disposed, like Marshall and Sparks, to convert its chief hero into a "plaster saint." There was a council of war and Washington sent a young officer from it with orders to cross the river and find out if possible the position and movements of the British. After waiting about as long as it should have taken the emissary to return with his report, he returned without it, explaining that the night was so dark and the river so swollen that he had not been able to cross. Whereto Washington threw at him a huge leaden inkstand he had been using with the exclamation: "God damn your soul to hell; be off with you, and send me *a man*." The officer went out, not like Judas to hang himself, but actually to cross the river and to return with his report.

One would like to go on quoting indefinitely. But the reader who is appetized by these things may be referred to the book.

Bible Study.

From the Religious Literature department of Charles Scribner's Sons, who now publish the Bible Study Union lessons, we have received an elaborate assortment of pamphlets for Sabbath school use. For 1914 the uniform lessons are on the life of Jesus. The material is arranged as follows: For the primary department, a set of cards on "Jesus' Way of Love and Service," for the junior department, leaflets for each Sunday, on "The Life and Words of Jesus," with pamphlets for the direction of the teacher in both classes. For the intermediate department a set of pamphlets on "The Life of Jesus" and on "Young People's Problems," and for the seniors Prof. Charles Foster Kent's volume on "The Life and Teachings of Jesus." All the apparatus for systematic study according to the plan formed is thus at hand.

English Poetry for Germans.

Turn about is only fair play and Mr. Herman Behr has endeavored to do quietly by himself the service for Germans that the German Publication Society is performing for Americans. He has employed his leisure in turning into the tongue of the Fatherland some famous English poems and publishes his efforts privately under the title "Perlen Englischer Dichtung in Deutscher Fassung" (Herman Behr, New York), and very creditable translations they are. His selections are chiefly lyrical and show remarkably good taste in English literature; Keats, Shelley, Byron, Tennyson, William Blake are drawn upon, Tom Hood's "Bridge of Sighs," many other favorite poems and, among Americans, Whittier, Longfellow, Bryant and Eugene Field. To the translations Mr. Behr adds a few original poems of his own. Ludwig Fulda writes an introduction to the volume.

Practical Information.

A careful collation of the laws of the several States and of the United States on the subject of "Commission Regulation of Public Utilities" has been made by direction of the National Civic Federation, New York, and is published by that body in a portly volume. The law relating to the subject is analyzed first and under each heading the sections of the laws of forty-three States in addition to the federal regulations are printed; work that called for infinite care and patience, the only reward of which can be the thanks of those whose labors are made easier by it. An extremely valuable and time saving book for all who have to deal with the subject in any way.

The limitations of the subject makes it comparatively easy for Marcel Dieulafoy to condense "Art in Spain and Portugal" into a single volume, one of the most satisfactory of the excellent "Ars Una" series (Charles Scribner's Sons). The author is even able to include an outline of Persian and other Oriental forms of art, which help us to understand the Arabic forms in Spain. The minute pictures, as in the other volumes, are very helpful. The chapter on Portuguese art is naturally rather brief, for Portugal became independent after the great periods of art were over.

Though presented as a manual of art and an aid to the comprehension of all forms of Japanese art Mary Averill's "Japanese Flower Arrangements Applied to Western Needs" (John Lane Company) will probably do most good in suggesting ideas for the artistic arrangement of flowers, as the title implies. Beginning with brief chapters on the history and the theory of the art the author soon proceeds to give directions for the proper arrangement of flowers under different circumstances, with the reasons explained clearly and with many pictures that illustrate her meaning. It is a helpful and practical book. Though the Japanese terms are used frequently they are always explained, so that the learner may neglect all except those that prove convenient.

Auction bridge progresses rapidly. In "Auction High-Lights" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) Florence Irwin flouts the "royal spade" count and expatiates on the merits of the "nullo" count. Her little book is addressed to expert players, who can appreciate her criticisms.

A brief history of cotton and the steps in its utilization is followed by an account of the most approved methods of cultivating it and of fertilizing the soil in "The Knapp Method of Growing Cotton," by H. E. Savely and W. B. Mercier (Doubleday, Page and Company). It is a practical method for cotton growers and is named in honor of the late Dr. Seaman A. Knapp.

A description of the work now done and of the work which it is hoped may be done in country schools with the assistance of the Department of Agriculture will be found in "The Work of the Rural School," by J. D. Eggleston and Robert W. Bruere (Harpers).

Many recipes which, according to the author, require little preparation and various suggestions for making housework lighter are contained in "Easy Meals," by Caroline French Benton (Dana Estes and Company, Boston).

The ideal universal language has been discovered by the Rev. Edward P. Foster, and its outlines, with a large vocabulary, are exposed in "Ro Ro" (World Speech Press, Marietta, Ohio). It seems to be a purely mechanical syllabic creation and has the merit of being equally difficult, whatever the learner's original tongue may be.

The hen from the commercial point of view is carefully and thoroughly considered by Ellen C. Davies in "Utility Poultry-Keeping" (Edward Arnold; Longmans, Green and Company). The conditions are those of the British fowl and the British poultry raiser, but much of the information can easily be adapted to American requirements.

GOETHE WANTED NO ANIMALS ON THE STAGE

Goethe severed his connection with the Weimar theatre owing to the appearance of an animal on the stage. For twenty-seven years he ruled there as despotic director. "The direction," he wrote to his chief assistant, "acts according to its own views and not in the least according to the demands of the public. Once for all, understand that the public must be controlled." When at length he forbade any expression of approval or disapproval on the part of the public only the court and the Jena students continued to attend the theatre.

The crash came when Duke Karl August invited an actor who had toured heavily with a performing poodle in "The Dog of Montargis" to play at Weimar. After the first rehearsal he declined to have anything more to do with a theatre the boards of which had been desecrated by the presence of an animal.—From the *Pall Mall Gazette*.